Sent backe like Hollowmas or ſhortſt of day.
Queene And muſt we be diuided? muſt we part?
King I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.
Queene Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.
King That were ſome loue, but little pollicie.
Queene Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
King So two togither weeping make one woe,
Weepe thou for me in Fraunce, I for thee heere,
Better far off than neere be nere the neare,
Go count thy way with ſighes, I mine with groanes.
Queene So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moanes.
King Twiſe for one ſtep Ile grone the way being ſhort
And peece the way out with a heauy heart.
Come come in wooing ſorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe;
One kiſſe ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queene Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adue, the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutcheſſe.

Du. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtorie of
Of our two couſins comming into London.
Yorke Where did I leaue?
Du. At that ſad ſtop my Lord,
Where rude miſgouerned hands from windowes tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richards head.
Yorke Then (as I ſaid) the Duke great Bullingbrooke
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie ſteede,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeemd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately paſe kept on his courſe,
Whilſt all tongues cried, God ſaue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the very windows ſpake:
So many greedy lookes of yong and old Through

Through caſements da
Vpon his viſage, and t
With painted imagery
Ieſu preſerue the welc
Whilſt he from the one
Bare-headed, lower tha
Beſpake them thus; I t
And thus ſtill doing, th
Du. Alac poore Rich
Yorke As in a Theate
After a well-graced A
Are ydly bent on him t
Thinking his prattle t
Euen ſo, or with much
Did ſcowle on gentle R
No ioyfull tongue gaue
But duſt was throwen v
Which with ſuch gentl
His face ſtill combatin
The badges of his grie
That had not God for
The hearts of men, the
And Barbariſme it ſelf
But heauen hath a hand
To whoſe high will we
To Bullingbrooke are
Whoſe ſtate and honou
Du. Here comes my
Yorke Aumerle that
But that is loſt, for bei
And Madam, you muſt
I am in parleament ple
And laſting fealtie to th
Du. Welcome my ſ
That ſtrew the greene
Au. Madam, I know
God knowes I had as le